

# CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1975

ONE RUPEE



Turn to page 10  
for the story

• PRI



# FUN WITH GEMS

NAME THESE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC:



1. Leo 2. Gemini 3. Taurus  
4. Capricorn 5. Scorpio 6. Aries



*Cadbury's*

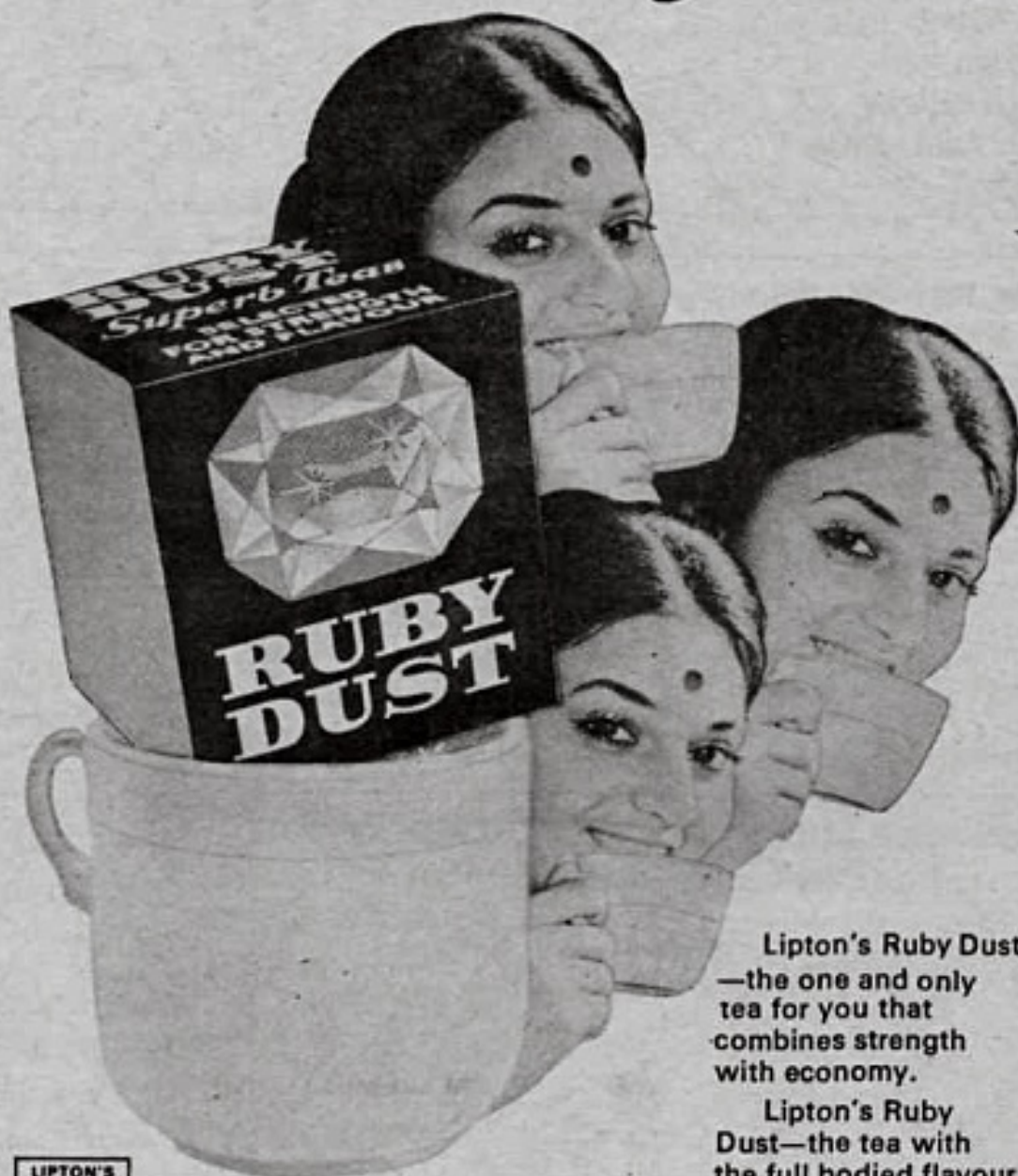
GEMS—THE FUN FOOD FOR CHILDREN

C-5 EN



# Only RUBY DUST tea offers you all three

**1.** INSTANT LIQUOR    **2.** RICH FLAVOUR    **3.** MORE CUPS PER PACK



Lipton's Ruby Dust  
—the one and only  
tea for you that  
combines strength  
with economy.

Lipton's Ruby  
Dust—the tea with  
the full bodied flavour  
and strong liquor.



Only packaged teas retain  
their flavour and freshness.

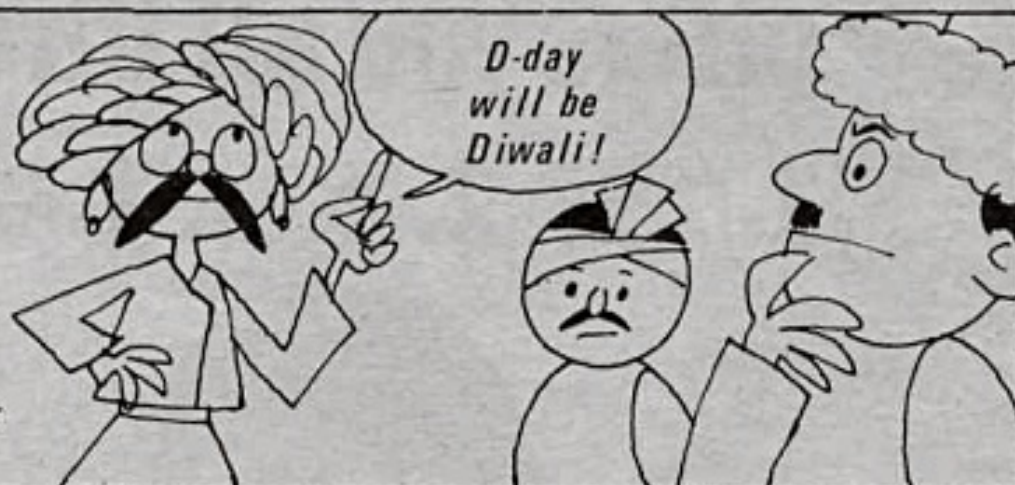
**LIPTON'S RUBY DUST** for better  
and more cups per pack

LRDC-10/74



# The Diwali War

The independent state of Dentown, July X05III. Court Astrologer Wide-Eye predicts a forthcoming attack on Fort White Teeth by Demon Acid, Killer COOH.



Later that day, the army chief, addresses the National Assembly.



Binaca-F agrees to help. And comes armed with his secret weapon: Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste.



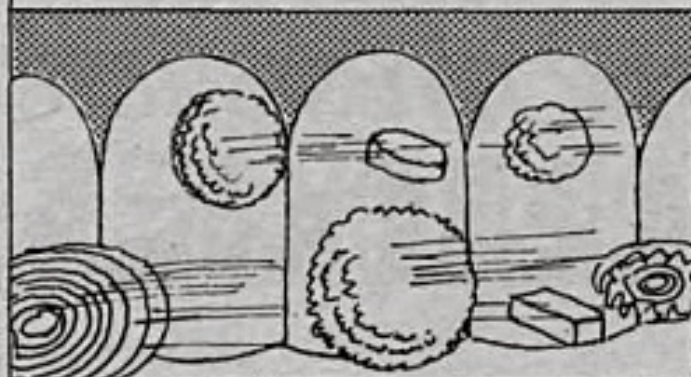
The citizens of Dentown give full support to Binaca-F and follow his instructions faithfully.



Here, brush down the fort with Binaca Fluoride. It will make the walls strong, clean and smooth—so that Killer COOH can get no foothold.



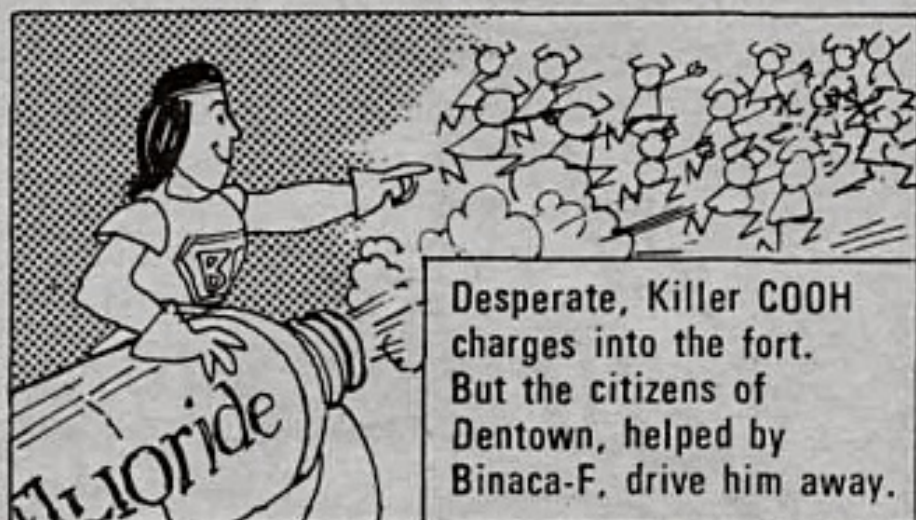
As predicted, early on Diwali Day, Killer COOH strikes. Cannon-ball Ladoos, Barfi Bombs, Peda Pellets—all deadly weapons—come hurtling into the fort.



Heave men!  
Fire!  
Attack!



But to the amazement of both armies, the fort stands invincible. Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste has strengthened it against attack.



Desperate, Killer COOH charges into the fort. But the citizens of Dentown, helped by Binaca-F, drive him away.

That night there is great rejoicing at Dentown.



**Brush in extra toughness.  
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.**



\* Formula for carboxyl acid group which attacks tooth enamel and causes painful cavities





# here's *the irresistible* **CRACKIES**

Like Santa Claus, NP brings a lot of favourite delights for kids—NP Crackies chewing gums in peppermint, pineapple, tutti fruity, orange and unique supari flavours—Bubble gums too.

Then there's Bonbite—the creamy sweet with the inimitable taste. And ballgums in delicious fruit flavours.

## *your chewy* **flavourite**

**(NP)**—The only Chewing gums and Bubble gums with **(NP)** mark of quality.

*Have pockets full of **(NP)**—your chewy flavorite!*

**THE NATIONAL  
PRODUCTS**  
BANGALORE.







"How many years did you spend in Bengal?" asked a gentleman to his friend who had successfully translated into Telugu several works of Sharat Chandra, the maker of modern Bengali fiction.

"Well, I am yet to have a look at Bengal!" replied the translator and narrated how while convalescent at a sanatorium he had picked up Bengali from a fellow-patient and later mastered it through his personal efforts just as he learnt several other languages including English, Hindi and Sanskrit.

No wonder that with his tremendous faith in the capacity of man, "Chakrapani", as A. Venkata Subba Rao was known to millions, would bring to a blooming fullness whatever he began and would trigger the hidden capacity in others through exemplary dedication to missions and adventures he undertook.

Born on 5th August 1908 in a farmer's family belonging to the Tenali in Andhra Pradesh, Chakrapani had not climbed high on the ladder of formal education. But when one has the sincere aspiration to learn and one knows how to look at the world as his school, then life itself becomes the greatest teacher and experiences become the most enduring lessons.

Chakrapani was a creative dreamer, one of his stubborn dreams being the creation of magazine which ALL the children of India could enjoy. A dynamic collaboration began when destiny brought him in contact with Shri B. Nagi Reddi who rendered his dream into a reality. Thus, in July, 1947, was launched the CHANDAMAMA, in Telugu and Tamil to begin with, which over the years has flourished in eleven languages, commanding a total circulation of 5,50,000 copies, the lone venture of its kind.

Chakrapani, the dreamer, the author, the editor and a pioneer film-maker, left us on 24th September, 1975. But he was much more—a throbbing source of inspiration to all. And no doubt, he will continue to be so, his loving memory and spirit guiding us on.



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BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Miss J. Sarojini



Mr. P. Sundaram

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 30th NOVEMBER
- Winning captions will be announced in JANUARY issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026

### Result of Photo Caption Contest held in September Issue

The prize is awarded to : Miss R. Indhu

C/o. Mr. V. S. Rajagopalan, 'Srinidhi',

No. 4, 5th Block, 5th Main, Jayanagar, Bangalore-41.

Winning Entry — 'Watching Alone' — 'Marching Along'



## **NEWS FOR YOU....**

### **Twinkling Little Star!**

During the Apollo-Soyuz mission a mystery star that twinkles about 300 light years away has been discovered by the help of ultra-violet radiation. It is a mighty achievement, for, as Prof. Bowyer said after reporting the discovery at the annual meeting of the American Astronomical Society, "Until last month, astronomers were saying, you couldn't see 10 light years away with extreme ultra-violet radiation, let alone 300 light years.

### **And the Trembling Mighty Sun!**

The sun after all is not as brave and steady as he posed to be! Despite his enormous size—333,000 times the mass of earth—he shivers like jelly for 50 minutes at a stretch from time to time, says Dr. Henry Hill of Arizona University.

### **Asia's Largest Bird Population**

India has the largest bird population among the Asian countries, according to ornithologists. Including some of the rarest species of the world, the country has thousands of varieties of birds, among which sparrows, crows and pegions of various types and colour constitute the largest groups.

## **....AND SOME VIEWS TOO**

### **A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on History**

You don't change the course of history by turning the faces of portraits to the wall.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

Our generation achieved something of amazing significance for history. The cruelty which the conditions of our lives made necessary will be understood and vindicated.

—V. I. Lenin

No single man makes history. History cannot be seen, just as one cannot see grass growing.

—Boris Pasternak

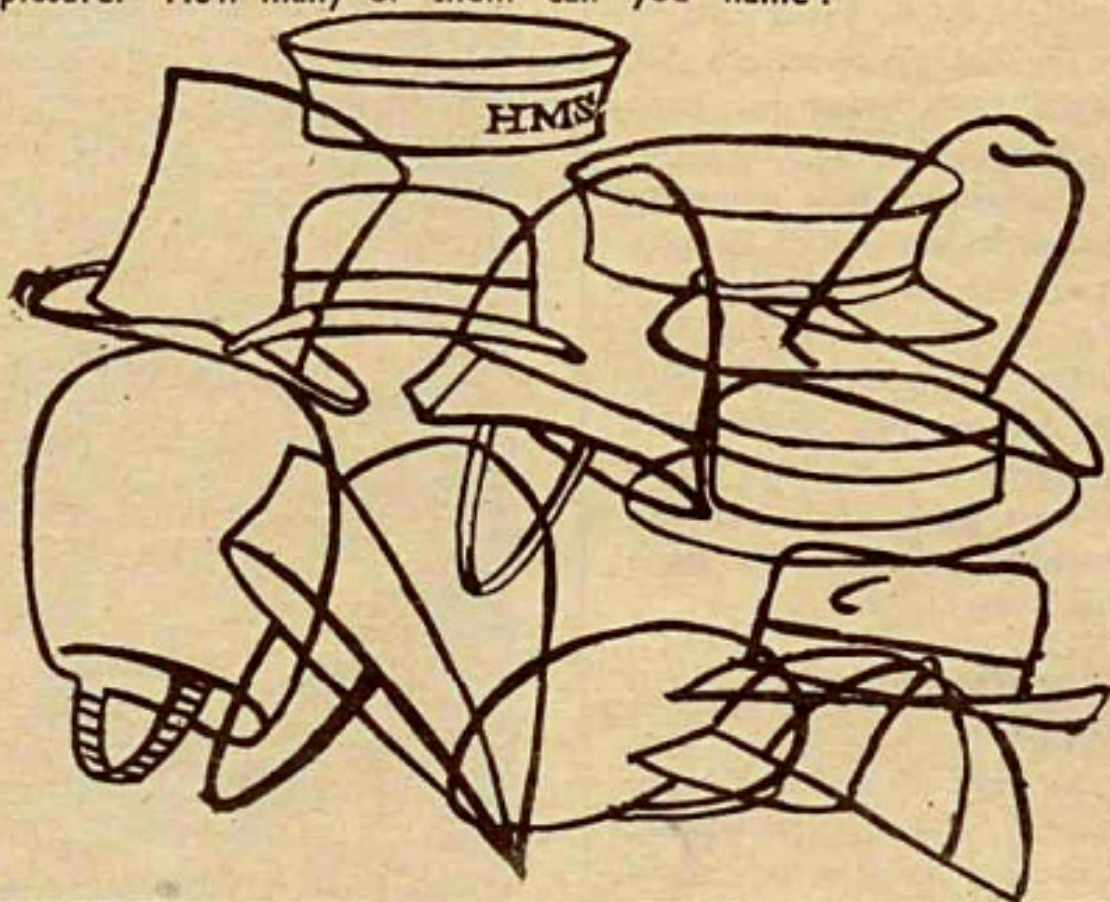
It is pleasant to be transferred from an office where one is afraid of a sergeant-major into an office where one can intimidate generals, and perhaps this is why History is so attractive to the more timid among us. We can recover self-confidence by snubbing the dead.

—E. M. Forster

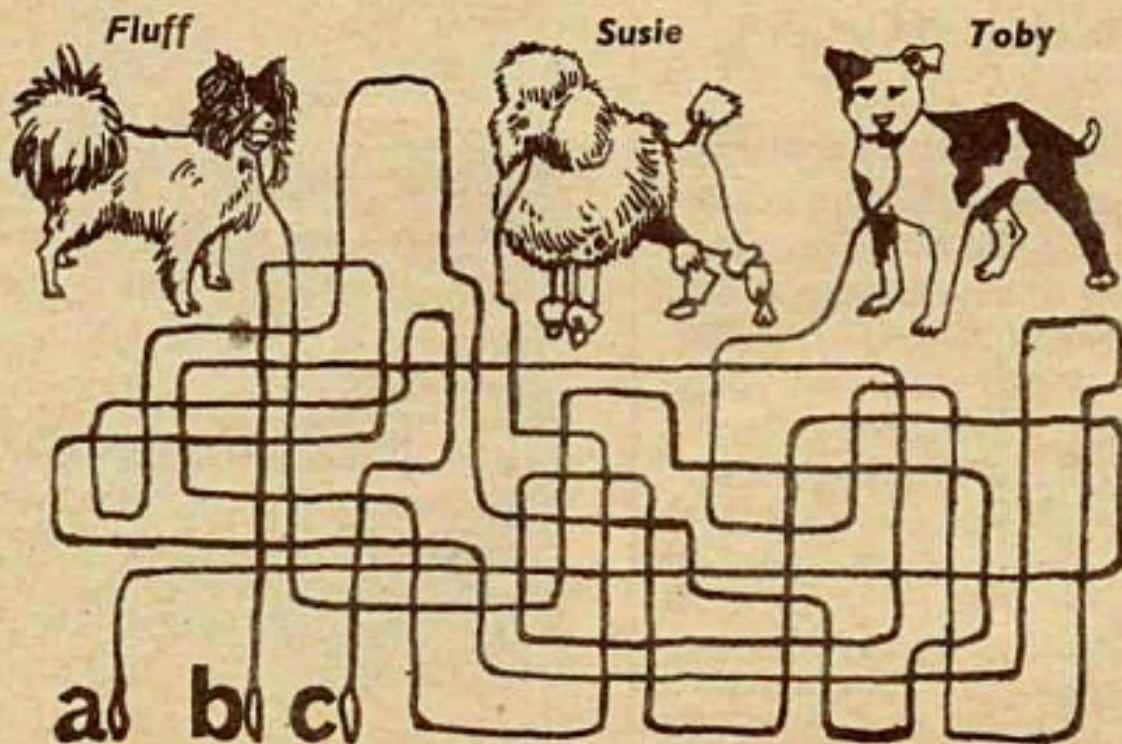


# PUZZLE TIME

There are twelve different kinds of hats jumbled together in this picture. How many of them can you name?



First, guess which lead is attached to which dog and then trace along the lines to see if you were correct. Turn to Page 25 for the Answers!





# VALENTINA TERESHKOVA

The beautiful village on the Volga, Moslennikovo, had nice groves and fields on the outskirts to keep the children gay and playful. But the little girl, Valya, did not spend all her time playing. From time to time she would break away from her playmates who included her sister Lyuda and brother Volodya, and run to a textile mill nearby.

The reason, of course, was that her mother, Yelena, worked in the mill. But that was not the only reason. Valya, in fact, loved the rhythm of work. She was fascinated by the hum of the looms and the adroitness of the busy hands.

Like many other children of Russia, Valya had lost her father, Vladimir, in the Second World War. But her mother was a brave woman. She worked hard, but without neglecting her children.

But in love with work that the little Valya was, as soon as she finished her seventh form in the school, she desired to take up a work and, with the consent of her mother, enrolled herself as a worker in a tyre





factory. This, however, did not mean that she left her study. While learning a variety of works in connection with the manufacture of tyres, she continued her study in a night school. She was then sixteen and her thirst for knowledge was stubborn.

Whatever Valya did, she did with devotion. In 1955 she changed over to a bigger factory. Her work now demanded greater attention. She gave it all right, yet she knew how to manage time for studying under a correspondence school imparting lessons in mechanism. She had to spend her time with utmost economy, without allowing herself the pleasure of a

picture or an hour's idle gossip or a little more sleep on a Sunday. Thus, through hard work, she completed her secondary technical education. Soon she received her diploma from the correspondence school and was elevated to the factory's maintenance department.

Mother Yelena was delighted at her dear child getting a diploma. "Valya! You have now got your wings, haven't you?" she chuckled.

"Wings?" At once the innocently uttered word, which is often spoken in a figurative sense, took off Valya in a flight of fancy. Wings! Wings!! She could have said like the poet Robert Bridges, "I would be a





bird, and straight on wings I arise!"

In Valya her mother's word worked like an open sesame to a thrilling world of dreams. Wings she could not develop, true, yet she could glide through the space, she could learn how to jump with a parachute!

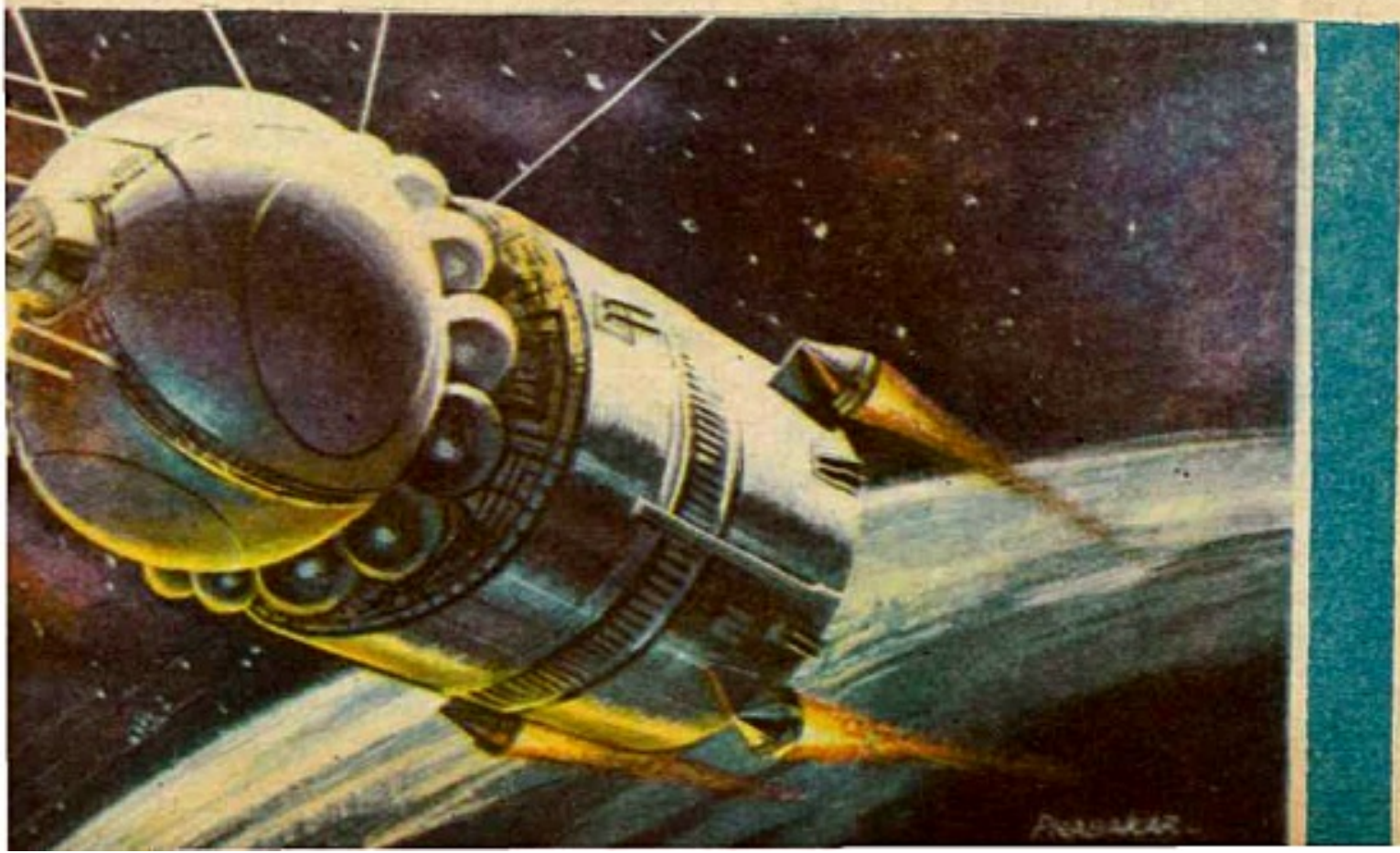
If the young workers of a factory, in a group, desired to have facility for a certain kinds of training, the Government was ready to provide them with it. Valya succeeded in inspiring a number of her colleagues to form a circle for practising parachute-jumping.

The circle duly received the necessary guidance. Very soon Valya excelled all in parachute-

jumping. What next?

Came the year 1961. The youth of the Soviet Union were in ecstasy with the historic performance of Yuri Gagarin, the world's first cosmonaut. To the sensitive Valya as if the achievement of Gagarin was a personal message! She found in it the clue to a challenging future.

Gagarin's colourful description of the space, of the earth's strange new vision from the remote space, set Valya to knit a web of fancy. Sitting on the sandy bank of the Volga and gazing at the vast horizon beyond the river, she perhaps imagined herself in a spaceship, in Gagarin's place! But





she would laugh at herself too. She was not even a pilot. How could she ever go that far—to the position of a cosmonaut?

But irresistible was her urge to participate in this epoch-making experiments that were opening up new frontiers of knowledge. She wrote a letter to the authorities, describing her deep interest in the matter and her great desire to be enrolled as a candidate for flight into the space.

Her letter fell into the right hands. The authorities too were perhaps thinking of giving a share of the proud experiments to the women. And here was a young enthusiastic woman who seemed to qualify for the training.

Valya was duly enrolled in the squad of would-be cosmonauts and was called for the strenuous training.

The squad had the privilege of learning from those who had already been up in the space. Valya now learnt things which no text book could have ever taught her. And with her sincerity and dedication, she mastered the subtle laws of piloting a space-craft with great rapidity.

Bykovsky was a fellow-trainee. The day he took off for the space was an unforgettable day for Valya. She watched every detail of the operation and her excitement was great when this colleague shot up high into the blue.

“Next is your turn, my dear girl!” said the chief designer of the craft. He was very pleased with Bykovsky’s take-off and was already visualising the next flight.

But was her dream going to come true so soon? Valya wondered.

Indeed, it came true sooner than she had expected. Valentina Tereshkova went into space on June 16, 1963, piloting the space-craft Vostok-6 which circled the earth 48 times and covered about 2 million kilometres. The brave girl was in space for about 71 hours.

Tereshkova thus became the first woman cosmonaut—the pride of women and men too—all over the world. Her country has bestowed upon her several great honours. She is now the President of the Women’s Organisation of the U.S.S.R. She married Nikolayev, a cosmonaut, and has a child.





## DON'T ACT RASHLY

In a certain village lived a merchant named Prabhugupta. He was extremely greedy after money and was a miser. His wife, Meenakshi, however, was of different nature. She often distributed alms to poor despite her husband's bitter objections.

The couple had no children. Meenakshi spent a lot of money performing several religious rites so that she could have a child. But they were of no avail.

At last Meenakshi prayed to a certain deity of a distant place and promised to offer all the ornaments and a thousand rupees to the deity if she had a child.

Her prayer, it seems, was heard this time. She gave birth to a son. Prabhugupta was happy and, though a miser, he entertained a large number of people to a feast. But when

Meenakshi informed him about her commitment to the deity, he became furious. "What do you mean?" he shouted, "The ornaments you wear would cost about five thousand rupees. You are not satisfied with even that much and you propose to offer a thousand rupees in cash! It would be foolish on my part to agree to this. Forget all about it."

"In that case never blame me if any misfortune befalls the child," retorted Meenakshi in a huff.

This put fear into Prabhugupta's mind. After some hesitation he said, "Well, do as you wish, but remember, this is for the last time that I am allowing you your whimsical way."

"All right. I will remember your warning. Now let us pre-





pare to go on a pilgrimage to the deity," said Meenakshi.

In a few weeks time they were ready to go. Meenakshi packed all her ornaments in a casket and carried it with her. Prabhugupta carried two thousand rupees, one thousand for the deity and another thousand for making certain purchases from the town, as well for their travel.

As they were going out of their house, an ascetic who sat on their veranda, pleaded with Prabhugupta, "Since you are out on a pilgrimage, it will augur well if you give me a little money at the very outset!"

"Never!" shouted Prabhugupta, "If we begin obliging beggars from the very first step on our journey, we would be soon left with nothing. Besides we are going to give a thousand rupees to the deity and obtain his blessings. Who cares for your goodwill?"

But Meenakshi turned and searched her bag and finding change for three paise, placed them on the ascetic's palm.

"You have already started squandering away money, have you? I'm afraid, we have to beg on our way back," grumbled Prabhugupta.

"How can I refuse the ascetic who, I've seen, has been waiting at our door since morning?" replied Meenakshi.

After two days they reached the holy place. Prabhugupta gave a thousand rupees to Meenakshi and said, "I have another thousand with me. We can put one thousand in the offering box and can make some purchases with the remaining thousand."

"Let it be so," agreed Meenakshi.

After they prostrated themselves before the deity, Meenakshi put her packet of ornaments, along with the



thousand rupees, in the offering box. Prabhugupta who did not mark this, put the thousand rupees he had with him in the box.

When they came out of the temple, Prabhugupta told his wife, "Keep the money carefully. This place is notorious for thieves."

"But the money is with you! What I had I put in the offering box!" said Meenakshi.

Prabhugupta realised the situation. He ran to the temple manager and told him how he had put an extra thousand rupees in the box. But the manager said that he was powerless to restore the money to him. Meenakshi consoled her disappointed husband saying that it was always good to offer as much as one could to the deity and that they could certainly afford to offer two thousand rupees!

Prabhugupta was left with no money. With great difficulty they returned home, passing one full day without any food and another day with some food received in charity from a party of pilgrims.

On reaching home they found the old ascetic still sitting on their veranda. He asked Prabhu-



gupta, "How was your pilgrimage? I hope, you returned happily

"Happily! Starving or begging on the way," replied Prabhugupta.

"That can be understood, for you had already foretold while leaving your house that you will have to beg!" remarked the ascetic.

This angered Prabhugupta. "Get out, you vagabond! Why are you still here?" he shouted.

"I'm going away, my brother, you have no reason to lose temper," said the ascetic as he left.

"What a reward for the asce-





tic's great service!" commented an old villager while passing by.

"What did you say? Who did great service and to whom?" queried Prabhugupta.

"Well, it is like this," explained the old man, "While you were away, some burglars entered your house. They were about to escape with all your valuables when the ascetic rai-

sed a scare and villagers rushed to the scene and the burglars ran away without taking anything."

"Did you hear?" Meenakshi told her husband, "This is the result of the deity's grace and my little gesture of kindness towards the ascetic."

Prabhugupta realised his own follies. He stopped acting rashly.

## WONDER WITH COLOURS





# PRINCESS TARABAI

Once, long ago, the daring of a 16-year old girl had freed the kingdom of her father from the iron grip of foreign conquerors who had occupied it. Her name was Tarabai.



Tarabai was the daughter of Rao Surtan, the raja of Thoda, whose kingdom had been usurped by an Afghan conqueror named Lilla. Rao was living in exile, at the foot of Mount Aravalli. His little daughter, Tara, always loved to hear the brave deeds of their ancestors from her father.



Lilla the Afghan reduced Thoda to a hunting ground for his pleasures. But he had a strong army at his disposal and Rao's efforts at recapturing his kingdom failed. As the people of Thoda were oppressed and exploited, Rao felt sad and desperate.





As Tarabai grew up, her agony was even more than her father's. She was determined to free the people of Thoda from their subjection to the conqueror. With incredible rapidity she mastered the fighting art of a prince. She could shoot with unerring aim even while riding.

Tara's companions would warn her, "Who would marry you, O Princess, if you conduct yourself like a boy?" She would reply, "Only the bravest of heroes deserved my hand!"



As the fame of Tarabai spread, for she was extremely beautiful and brave, many Rajput princes came forward seeking her hand in marriage. But she told her father, "I will marry only a person who would be able to rescue our dear land from the tyrants."

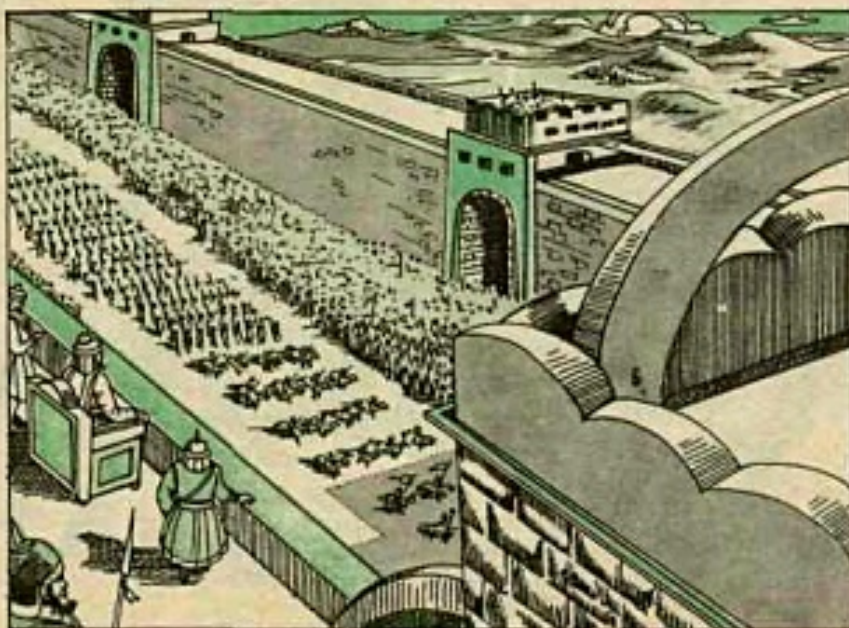


Who would risk his life and face the terrible Afghan, Lilla? Princes who heard the condition withdrew. One, however, came forward. He was Prithviraj, the prince of Mewar. He met Rao and said that he was ready to fight the Afghan usurper.



Tarabai who had heard much about the courage of Prithviraj, was impressed. But she insisted that she too must go. They chose a band of 500 tried soldiers and led them towards Thoda.

There was a festival going on at Thoda. Lilla, the Afghan, was seated on the balcony of the fort, enjoying the sight of a procession of his soldiers passing below.

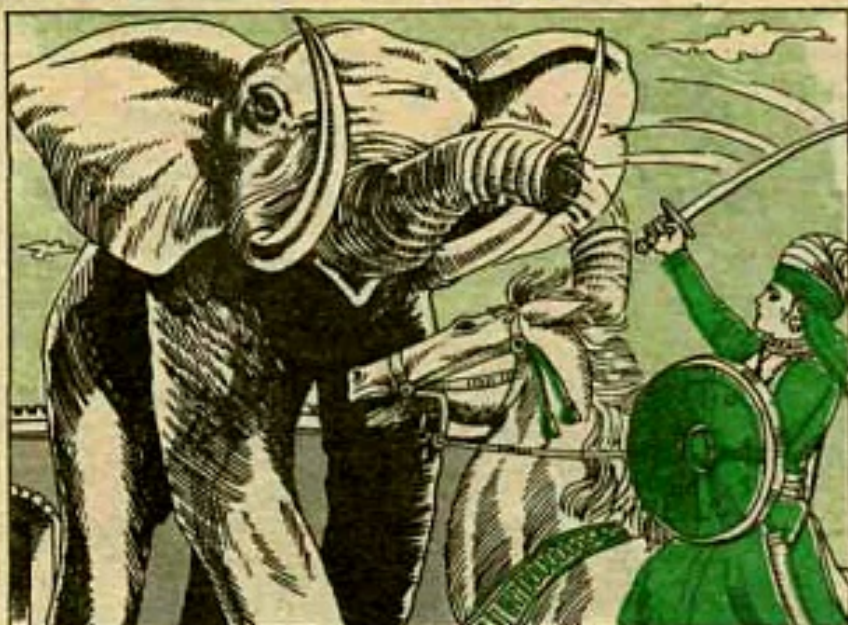






It was evening. Leaving their soldiers outside the gate, Prithviraj and Tarabai, still on horse-back, mingled with the crowd and entered the premises of the fort. "Who are these strangers?" shouted Lilla. At once a lance from Prithviraj and an arrow from Tarabai pierced him to instant death. In the great confusion Prithviraj and Tarabai easily galloped away towards the gate.

When the Afghan soldiers were conscious of what happened they shouted at the gate-keeper to obstruct Prithviraj and Tarabai. The gate-keeper put an elephant on their way. But Tarabai, leading her horse closer to the elephant, cut its trunk. The elephant fled. They escaped.



As soon as the Afghans came out following Tarabai and Prithviraj, the 500 soldiers who were waiting confronted and confounded them. A fierce battle ensued. The Afghans were totally routed. Rao Surtan was restored to the throne. Prithviraj and Tarabai married.





## THE MENDICANT BRIDEGROOM

About two hundred years ago, in a city which was governed by a nawab, a robber proved a menace to the wealthy city-dwellers. The nawab announced that whoever could give any clue leading to the arrest of the robber would be heavily rewarded. But the robber not only continued to remain at large, but also he continued to carry on robbery successfully.

There was a prosperous goldsmith in the city who met the nawab early one morning and confided to him, "Please arrange to post some plain-clothed guards around my house. I am expecting the robber to pay a visit to me any moment in the disguise of a mendicant. As

soon as I give a signal, the guards should enter my house and capture the robber."

The nawab had great faith in the wit and intelligence of the goldsmith. There was then no time to lose. He at once despatched some of his ablest guards to wait around the goldsmith's house.

Soon after the goldsmith returned to his house, a mendicant was seen entering his lane. The goldsmith received him at his gate and led him into his reception room.

"I am a scholar from Varanasi. I have just arrived in your city and would like to know if there is any provision in this city for scholarly mendi-



cants to stay for a few days," said the stranger.

"I will arrange for you to stay in the nawab's guest-house, not for a few days, but for as many days as the nawab pleases!" said the goldsmith with a smile.

"How do I care for the nawab's pleasure! I move about according to my sweet will," said the stranger sneeringly.

"Well, that we will see later," commented the goldsmith and shouted, looking at his door, "Is there anybody who can lead this great mendicant to the nawab's guest-house?"

This was signal enough for the guards. They rushed in and

took hold of the robber and led him to the nawab's court. The goldsmith followed them. Before the nawab he gave a pull to the stranger's beard and the false beard came off! Soon it was proved beyond doubt that the stranger was none other than the notorious robber.

After he had been sent to the nawab's guest house, that is, the jail, the nawab asked the goldsmith, "Now tell me, how did you know that the robber was to visit you?"

"My lord! The pace at which the robber was stealing from the houses of the wealthy, I had no doubt that my turn would







come sooner or later. I remained alert. At the middle of the last night I could make out that someone was trying to survey my room through the window. According to our understanding, I asked my wife, 'So, what do you finally say about our daughter's marriage?' She replied, 'As I have informed you so many times, she will marry only a mendicant. I don't understand why you don't agree to this. After all, she is our only child and she would inherit all we have—which should amount to a crore of rupees. What does it matter if her husband was a mendicant? Please find out an eligible mendi-

cant. There are many scholarly mendicants. I will be happy if you find one of them.'

'Scholar or no scholar, the very first mendicant I see tomorrow should become my son-in-law,' said I.

"My lord! I need not tell you that my trick worked. The robber who overheard me found in our conversation a golden opportunity to become my son-in-law as well as the inheritor of all my property. He disguised himself as a mendicant and saw to it that I see him as soon as possible!"

The nawab was immensely pleased with the goldsmith and made him one of his advisers.

## PUZZLE TIME

### ANSWERS

Sailor's hat, Top hat, Bowler hat, Peaked cap, Stetson, Policeman's helmet, Straw hat, Sou' wester, Bearskin, Beret, School cap and Trilby hat.

FLUFF—'C'      SUSIE—'A'      TOBY—'B'



## Birth of A Great Forest

Miles and miles of trees, some big as giants and some dwarfs, creepers of affluent growth abounding in flowers, a number of brooks and streams offering cool and clear water to animals and tribes of forest-dwellers and mendicants, hills with charming view—go to make India's greatest and the oldest forest, the Dandakaranya.

The Dandakaranya figures in India's great epics and hundreds of mythological stories. It is the forest which was once frequented by terrible demons on one hand and celebrated rishis on the other hand. But it is remembered most because of its association with Sri Ramachandra. The story of Rama coming to live in this forest, accompanied by Sita and Lakshmana, kidnapping of Sita by the demon-king Ravana and the great war resulting in Sita's rescue and Ravana's vanquishment are too well-known to be mentioned.

But legends and mythology of India date back to an unfathomable past. According to

them the vast area which sports the forest was once a kingdom named Dandaka. It was so named because it had been founded by a young prince named Danda.

Being rude and disobedient, the prince had been driven out of his father's kingdom. But strong and clever that he was, he had succeeded in founding this new kingdom, Dandaka.

Every quality of man yields a certain result. Danda's strength and valour had yielded him a kingdom. He should have been happy and content with his achievement. Happy no doubt he was, but instead of being content, he was proud. He was surrounded by flatterers who impressed him with the lie that he was the most beautiful, the most powerful and the most virtuous prince in the world. And who does not know that when flatterers meet the devil goes to dinner? Devil, indeed, can depend on flatterers to bring about somebody's ruin!

Not far from Danda's capital was a forest. One day Danda





was wandering inside it, hunting. Unfortunately, before he had spied upon any beast, he spied upon a beauty. The beautiful maiden was emerging from a lake, fresh as a new-bloomed lily.

Danda stood enchanted. Then he saw the maiden stepping

ing on to the bank of the lake and about to go away with her pet deer that waited for her.

Danda felt that there was no time to lose. In a bounce he stood before her and asked, "Who are you? A fairy, are you?"

The maiden, surprised,



stopped. Then gathering her wit, she replied, "Oh no, I am a mortal."

"Are you? In that case you must be a princess born of some high royal family," observed Danda.

"No, I am not," replied the maiden calmly.

"If you are not, you deserve to be one. I will make you a queen," announced Danda merrily. And he hoped the maiden to blush with joy.

But the maiden looked irritated. She replied, "It is none of your business. My father will, when he thinks it fit, decide whom I should marry. I am the daughter of Rishi Sukracharya whose hermitage is in this forest."

Danda laughed. "You foolish wench, you speak so rudely because you do not know who I am. Have you never heard of the mighty king Danda? None but him you behold before you, offering to marry you."

"Now that I know who you are, I should be even more rude and must point it out to you that a king, the protector of his subjects, is least expected to be discourteous towards a maiden. Go and meet my father, and

speak to him if you so desire. But step aside and let me go home," said the maiden.

"Ha ha! I am the master of all over whom I rule. How do I need someone's sanction for doing whatever I desire? Rest assured, your father would be only too proud to have me as his son-in-law," boasted Danda as he took hold of the maiden's arm and tried to drag her away.

But the maiden—Araja was her name—did not yield.

There was a tussle and though bruised and her robes tattered, Araja finally succeeded in freeing herself from Danda's clutch. She ran to her father and stood before him in silence, her head hung.

"What is the matter with you, child?" asked the anxious rishi.

Araja burst into tears and gave an account of all that had passed between Danda and herself.

Sukracharya trembled with rage. He realised how proud and vain Danda had become. At once he burst into a curse: "Let all that Danda is proud of be destroyed!"

No sooner had he uttered the curse than a huge flame was seen rising over Danda's palace at



some distance. There were cries and shrieks as people began to flee the area. The fire grew in its fierceness and spread to the whole kingdom. All that Danda was proud of was reduced to ashes. And the fire did not spare the proud king and his flatterers either.

Thus, absolute pride had a total fall! It was proved that a rishi's power was greater than a king's.

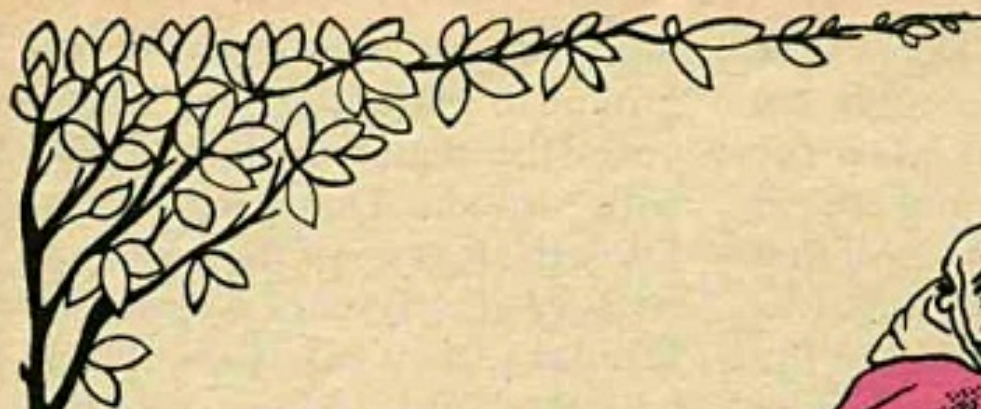
Danda's domain lay deserted for years. By and by the ashes were washed away by rains. Grass grew and then grew some trees as birds from neighbour-

ing areas scattered seeds on the ground. In the course of many years the region became green with wood. Only the rishis knew the history of the area and because it was once known as Dandaka, they called the forest by the old name—Dandakaranya. The forest grew to cover a wide region between the river Godavari and the Narmada.

Many exciting events took place in the Dandakaranya. It was inside this forest that the first ever poetry was composed by the sage Valmiki. Of that we will tell you later.







You are probably familiar with red raspberries, but did you know that there are also black, white and yellow raspberries? The black fruit is a distinct species, native to North America, while the white and yellow are mutations of the red.

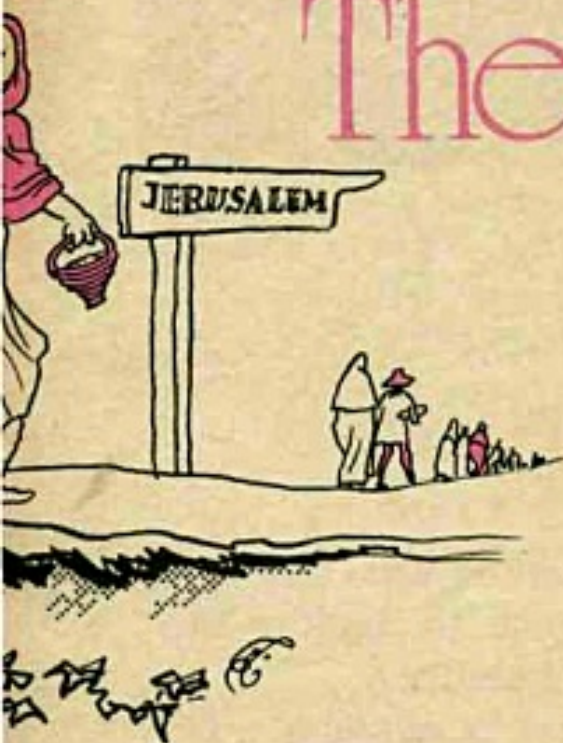
The fruit is so old that its origins are lost in history, but botanists believe it evolved in eastern Asia. Throughout this region and northern Africa there are more than two hundred species known, but the English raspberry, brought to England

by the Romans, is descended from a type which came to Europe many thousands of years ago. It has been given the scientific name of *Rubus idaeus* because, during the first century A.D., the Roman naturalist, Pliny, found this ruby-coloured fruit growing on Mount Ida, in Asia Minor.

During the 11th century, raspberries sustained the pilgrims on their journey to Jerusalem, a Journey which one foot-sore Englishman described as "very hard and stoney",



# The Raspberry



but went on to add that, "raspberries grow by the way, with pleasure you may assay."

The fruit the ancient Englishmen knew as "raspberry", "hindeberry", or by its French name "framboise", remained a wild plant of the countryside until the middle of the 16th century. Then, as interest in its cultivation grew, the raspberry began to disappear from the hedgerows and, in 1599, John Gerard, the famous surgeon and herbalist wrote, "The Raspis is planted in gardens: it groweth not wilde

that I know of, except in the fields of a village in Lancashire called Harwood."

The early attempts at cultivation were not all that successful for Garard describes the fruit as "in taste not very pleasant."

However, in England, by Stuart times such improvements had been made that King Charles I's gardener, John Parkinson, was able to state that, "the red, white and thornless varieties are equally popular."





*Tales from the Panchatantra*

## THREE WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS

In a certain forest there was a lake. A variety of fish lived in it happily, for, never was the lake disturbed by any fisherman.

Among the fish were three intimate friends. Their names were Anagatabidhata or Foresighted, Pratyutpannamati or Instant-Clever and Yadbhavisya or Fatalist.

One evening, while swimming just below the surface of the lake, enjoying the sight of the blue sky still radiant with the rays of the departing sun, Foresighted saw a few fishermen passing by, carrying nets, and baskets full to the brim with fish.

One of them who saw the lake first, exclaimed, "Good luck! Here is yet another lake!"

"I must say it was very wise of us to come to explore this region," said another.

"It is already evening. Let us go content with what we have got for today. But mark this spot. We must come here tomorrow," said the third fisherman.

Foresighted's heart throbbed with panic as he heard the fishermen's conversation. He made a headlong dive and found out his two friends who were then busy discussing the taste of a novel worm they had lately found in the lake.

"Forget all about your food for a while. Now think of some way to escape from this lake if you don't wish to become food for men yourselves!" said Fore-





sighted with great concern and reported all about the fishermen's conversation.

"I don't care," said Instant-Clever, "for, it is not in my nature to worry about what will

happen in the future. Well, the fishermen might change their mind, it might rain tomorrow and they might find it difficult to come so far or one of them might die and..."

"Tut tut," interrupted Fore-



sighted, "Keep all your 'mights' for some less serious occasion. Once the fishermen have seen this lake, I'm sure they would turn up, if not today, the day after. It will be just suicidal on our part not to try to protect ourselves. What about you?" Foresighted asked Fatalist.

"I leave everything to my fate," replied Fatalist with a yawn.

Foresighted continued to swim along the brink. At one place there was a narrow channel connecting the small lake with a bigger lake outside the forest. The channel remained dry for most part of the year except during the monsoon.

It so happened that it rained cats and dogs that very night. Foresighted slipped into the channel and negotiated his way to the bigger lake.

The fishermen reached the lake soon after it was morning. It did not take them long to net both Instant-Clever and Fatalist who were then gossiping about the foolishness of their friend, Foresighted.

But when the fishermen drew their net and carried it along with their catch to the bank, Instant-Clever acted as if he was dead. The fishermen released him from the net and threw him on the ground carelessly, sure that a dead fish could not escape!

But Instant-Clever instantly slipped into the lake and pushed his way into the channel and escaped into the bigger lake.

But Fatalist had no such luck. He waggled and fluttered as best as he could, but to no avail. The fishermen's net and grip proved too strong for him.







## EASY MONEY AT MIDNIGHT!

When Sumati's husband died, she left the village and, in search of a means of livelihood, came to the town.

In the outskirts of the town, near a forest, she found a deserted house and occupied it.

She decided to sell fried potatoes and brinjals to passers-by. At midnight the cocks in a neighbour's roost crowed and Sumati thought that it was already dawn. She hurried out to the veranda, lit her oven and began frying the vegetables in oil, mixing gram-powder and spices, filling up the atmosphere with an alluring flavour.

"My daughter, it seems you are a gifted cook!" said an

old man as he took seat near the oven.

"I don't know. Will you like to taste the items?" said Sumati and she placed some fried vegetables on a leaf for the old man.

While the old man was eating with great relish, four more persons, all old, reached there. They too were extremely happy at the delicious taste of the items and they said, "Daughter! We do not have any sleep at night and so pass our time with difficulty. It will be excellent if you can provide us with such stuffs every night."

"Why not," replied Sumati with kindness.



"And daughter, it would be fine if you can prepare some meat soup for us," said one of them, "but please keep the matter secret."

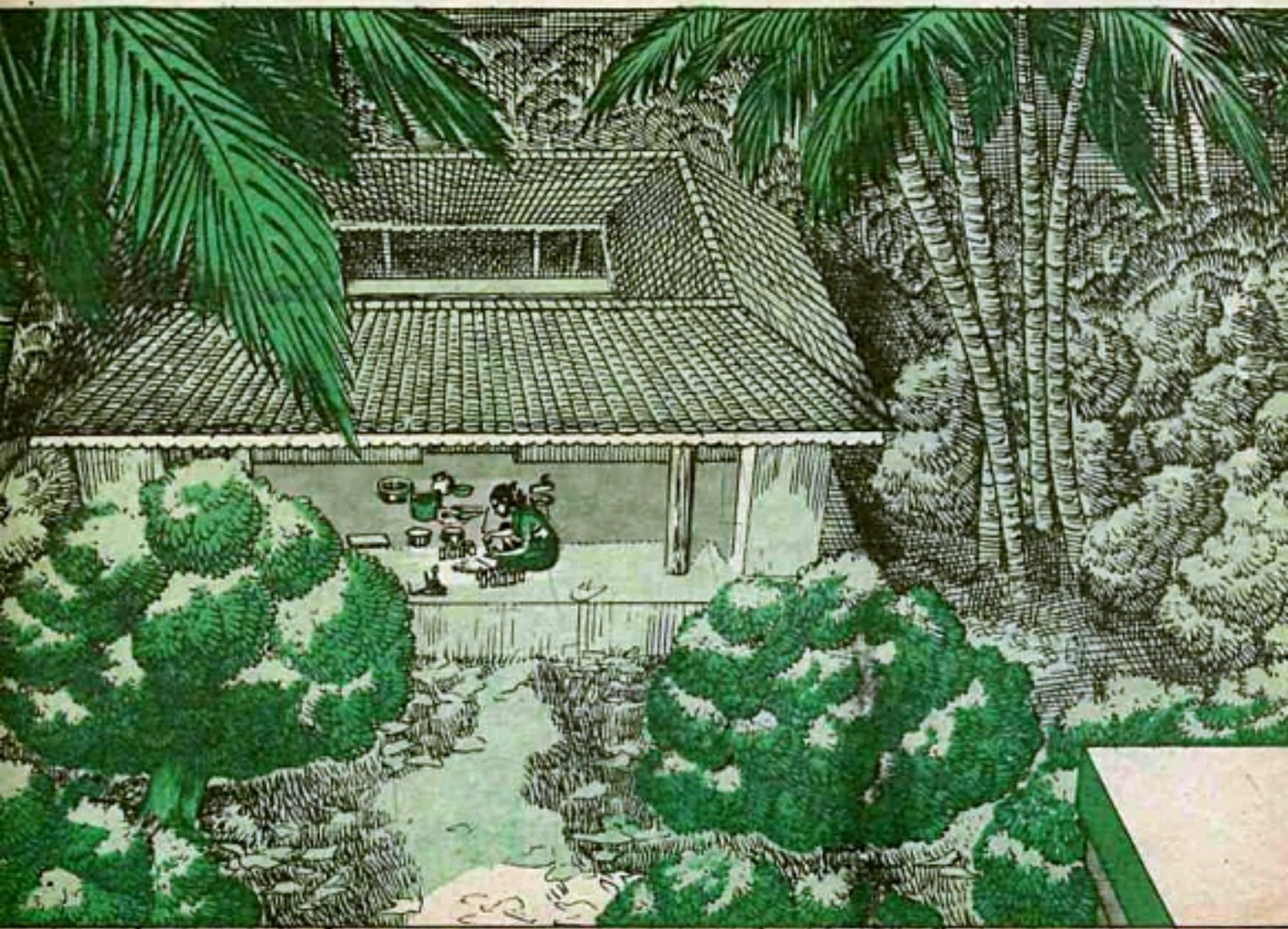
"Sumati smiled and said, "It will be done as you say!" She understood that for some reason the customers did not wish their conduct to be known to others.

After they had eaten to their hearts' content, the five rose to go. Without asking for the price of the stuffs they had eaten, they handed over a handful of coins to Sumati and departed. Sumati counted the coins

and found that they had given ten times more than what she would have demanded of them. She was very happy.

After two hours the sun arose and only then Sumati realised that she had woken up at midnight. She decided to do the same every night.

In the morning she went to the market and bought meat with which she prepared some soup. At midnight the five strange old man appeared there and were very happy to consume the soup as well as other items. Again they paid her, while de-





parting, much more than she would demand.

This is how Sumati carried on her business, with great profit, night after night.

Behind Sumati's lodge resided a wealthy merchant in a big building. He did not get any sleep one night. Soon he smelled the flavour of Sumati's cooking. Curious, he climbed to the roof of his house and saw the woman cooking meat. As he looked on, the strangers reached there and enjoyed the food and departed after placing a heap of coins on Sumati's palm.

As Sumati counted the coins, the merchant looked on with his eyes popping out. He thought, "The clever woman is doing fine. Obviously, these fellows are dacoits who are in hiding and are capable of paying heavily." He planned in his mind to take over the business from Sumati by some trick.

In the morning he entered Sumati's lodge and said, pretending concern, "Well, sister, what is this you are doing? Inviting your own death, eh? Well, I don't like it at all!"

Sumati could not catch the







meaning of the merchant's warning. She cast a blank look at him.

"I see, your eyes clearly show the influence of the vampires on you. It is natural, since you are coming in contact with them night after night," said the merchant again.

But since there was no change in Sumati's expression, he explained further, "Your appearance informs me for certain that you are under the spell of the vampires. Are you not feeding them every night?"

"Well, I do feed some customers, no doubt, but what tells you that they were

vampires?" asked the bewildered woman.

"You doubt my statement, eh? Wait for a few days more. They will kill you and drink your blood as they did to the woman who lived in this house before you," replied the merchant.

"O God! What then should I do?" cried out Sumati in panic.

"Just leave this village. Otherwise the vampires will never leave you," counselled the merchant.

"I will do as you advise," said Sumati and gathering up all her belongings, left for another village.

The merchant hurried back to his house and told his wife, "Good luck awaits us at night. All you have to do is to sit on the veranda of that deserted lodge and fry some vegetables and give them to some strange old fellows who would come there at midnight."

"I don't care. We have enough money and I don't see any point in sacrificing my sleep and peace. If you so desire, you can labour yourself", retorted his wife.

The merchant took it upon himself to take Sumati's place.



At midnight he was there with an oven and the necessary utensils and materials to prepare fried vegetables.

Soon the strange customers arrived and one of them asked in a hoarse voice, "What happened to the lady who sold us delicious stuffs?"

"She has gone away God knows where. But you need not miss her, for there are plenty of stuffs for you to eat!" said the merchant.

The customers sat down reluctantly and ate the fried vegetables. But one of them said, "You are a good-for-nothing fellow. What you have prepared can be relished only by hogs!" Another said, "Cook meat for us tomorrow, do you hear?"

The customers were about to go. The merchant, losing his patience, asked, "How are

you leaving without paying me my due?"

"You want your due, do you? Do you know what is your due? Death!" said the strangers threateningly. The merchant looked at them and shrieked. Their eyes gave out fearful flames.

"We will suck all your blood if we don't see you here tomorrow. Continue to cook for us untill the good woman returns," they ordered him.

The merchant now realised that they were really vampires, although he had described them as so before Sumati only to terrify her.

The merchant was obliged to cook for them according to their wishes night after night, without receiving any payment. Most eagerly he looked forward to Sumati's return. But she was not to be seen.







## Two Documents

Madhav was well-known for his goodness and charity. But he was not practical in his dealings with people. It was because of his wife Lakshmi's wit and alertness that he escaped many troubles.

But Rangadas, his neighbour, was a rogue. Father of Madhav and the father of Rangadas were great friends. Although their fathers were no more, Rangadas had easy access to Madhav's household. But whenever he came, it was with some motive to exploit Madhav that he came. Luckily, Rangadas was no match for Lakshmi.

One day while cleaning his house, Rangadas found out a document, signed by Madhav's father, which stated that he had

borrowed a sum of four thousand rupees from Rangadas's father. Rangadas, of course, knew that the loan had been paid back and if the document was still there, it was because Madhav's father had not cared to take it back. In the account book of Rangadas's father it was clearly mentioned that the money had been received.

Mischievous that Rangadas was, he found in the document an opportunity to extract four thousand rupees from the naive Madhav.

He paid a visit to Madhav's house in the afternoon and after an exchange of a few formal words, claimed that Madhav owed four thousand rupees to him. "I'm willing to forgo the



interest, but it was high time I received the basic amount!" he said gleefully.

To Madhav this sounded like a bolt from the blue! He said, "But to the best of my knowledge, my father had paid back the amount!"

"No, he had not!" exclaimed Rangadas as he held the document before Madhav.

"Well, in that case..."

But before Madhav had completed his sentence promising to give the money again, his wife, Lakshmi, came out and said, "We will certainly give you the money if it is truly due to you. But at first we must consult the village headman."

"Why not! Consult him or anybody else you like. I have nothing to worry as long as the document is with me!" said Rangadas as he left.

In the evening Madhav and his wife went to the headman's house and told him everything. They discussed the issue for a long time and decided upon a course of action.

Next day the headman summoned both Rangadas and Madhav. As expected, Rangadas stated his claim to the four thousand rupees mentioned in the document. The headman



then asked Madhav, "What have you to say to this?"

"Nothing much, sir, except that I am a bit confused, for, in my father's old chest I found out a document which says that he had borrowed not four but six thousand rupees from Rangadas's father. I wonder what I should do; whether I should give four thousand as the document in Rangadas's possession says or give six thousand as the document in my possession says."

The headman asked for both the documents and after examining them, said, "Indeed, one document shows four thousand;



another shows six thousand. I do not know what is to be done about it!"

"Give me a few minutes time, sir," said Rangadas, "I will go and consult my father's account book."

The headman allowed Rangadas to fetch his father's account book. Rangadas said on return, "Look here, sir, the amount of four thousand rupees which Madhav's father had taken is shown here as received back. The six thousand rupees must have been borrowed by Madhav's father later. So, he owes me six thousand rupees and not four thousand!"

"I see," observed the headman, "In that case I declare the first document invalid; what do you say?"

"You are right, sir," said the villagers including Rangadas.

"Now so far as the second document is concerned," observed the headman, "it seems to be a false one, for the signature put on it varies from the one put on the earlier document, which, according to other records, is authentic. So I declare the second document invalid too."

"You will be right in doing so," said the villagers—this time excluding Rangadas who looked pale.

"Rangadas! There is no doubt that you were out to deceive Madhav, knowing fully well that the money you demanded had been paid back long ago. A wicked man like you has no place in our village. I give you a day's time. Leave this village and spare others of trouble!" Rangadas had to leave the village.







## VEER HANUMAN

At last a clue had been available to Sita Devi's whereabouts! The Vanaras were delighted at the informations passed on to them by Sampati.

Now, the question was, how to go to Lanka. Looking at the endless ocean, the Vanaras felt depressed. Who knew how many deadly creatures resided within it? The continuous surge of waves seemed to threaten with dire consequence whoever would dare to cross it!

"What should we do?" the Vanaras asked each other.

Angada realised that the formidable nature of the task had thrown a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of the Vanaras. He told them, "Instead of losing heart, we should view this as

an excellent opportunity to test our valour and strength. Let us keep calm and see what we can do."

They spent the night on the seashore. In the morning Angada and Hanuman asked them to collect at one place. Angada and Hanuman were always obeyed.

Angada addressed the Vanaras: "I wish to know who among us has the strength to cross the sea. The success of our mission depended on him. Lanka is situated a hundred *yojanas* away, inside the sea. If one of us took it upon himself to go there, all others could return to their homes and be united with their families.

"Now, will each one of the





heroes give me an idea about his capacity, the distance he can cover?"

Angada waited for answers. But all sat still as statues.

As they kept quiet, Angada made further exhortation:

"I have no doubt about your braveness and sincerity. You are well-known for those qualities. I repeat my question, what is the distance you can cover with your spring?"

One after another the heroes stated their capacities:

Gaja said that he could cover ten *yojanas*. Gabaksha was capable of covering twenty *yojanas*. Gavaya could go up to thirty, Sharava forty, Gan-

dhamadan fifty, Maind sixty, Dwivata seventy and Sushena could span eighty *yojanas* at one leap.

Then came Jambavan's turn to speak. He said, "There was a time when I could do much. But now I am old and weak. Yet, I believe, to serve Sri Rama, I can muster strength enough to cover ninety *yojanas* in a leap."

At that Angada said, "Well, I can cross one hundred *yojanas* but I am not sure whether I can return or not."

At once Jambavan commented, "We are no strangers to your might, O Angada. Why hundred, if you wish, you can cross a thousand *yojanas* and safely come back too. But even if you were willing and ready to go, we cannot allow you to proceed. You are to be the king. Your life, that is why, is most precious. It is for you to order and any of us should be prepared to execute it immediately. But so far as you are concerned, you have to stay with us and lead and guide us. It is our duty to see that you return to Kiskindhya, safe and sound."

Angada replied, "What is the way out then? If nobody is



capable of crossing the sea, the only other sensible course left for all is to fast unto death! For, I don't think Sugriva will pardon us if we report to him our failure. Hence, O Jambavan, you being the most matured of us all, I look to you for some proper counsel."

Jambavan said, "There is of course a solution to the problem. One who can accomplish the task is present among us. Let me show him to you."

Jambavan advanced towards Hanuman who then sat immobile, as if engrossed in meditation, and said, "O Hanuman! You happen to be the greatest of Vanaras. You, being the wisest, how can you afford to sit silent? Your arms possess the same strength which Garuda's wings possess. In valour you are equal to Sugriva and Lakshmana. There is nobody who can be compared to you in any other respect. You cannot be ignorant of these facts! After all, you were the one who had sprung up to the sky in a bid to swallow the rising sun, mistaking it as a fruit, as soon as you were born! Who could claim of a similar record?"

Hanuman felt inspired at these words. He stood up and



stretched himself to his full stature.

When the Vanaras saw Hanuman getting ready to undertake the mission, they shouted out their joy and good wishes.

Hanuman looked great—his face looking like a globe of smokeless fire.

Hanuman prostrated himself to the elder Vanaras and said, "I will cross the sea with the ease of the breeze. I do not need to halt on the way. I can very well compete with the sun and reach the western horizon before him and return to the east before he can rise again!

"My speed would make the sea swell below me! Clouds will





get rent asunder when I pass through them. The hills will tremble. And I have no doubt that I will return tracing successfully Sita Devi. I can see good omens. If need be, I will uproot Lanka as a whole and bring it with me."

The Vanaras were thrilled and amazed at these words of Hanuman.

Pleased at this self-confidence shown by Hanuman, Jambavan said, "Son! You are our glory. You have made us shed our agony. We will be continuously praying for your success and safe return. Our blessings and goodwill go with you. You are our sole hope."

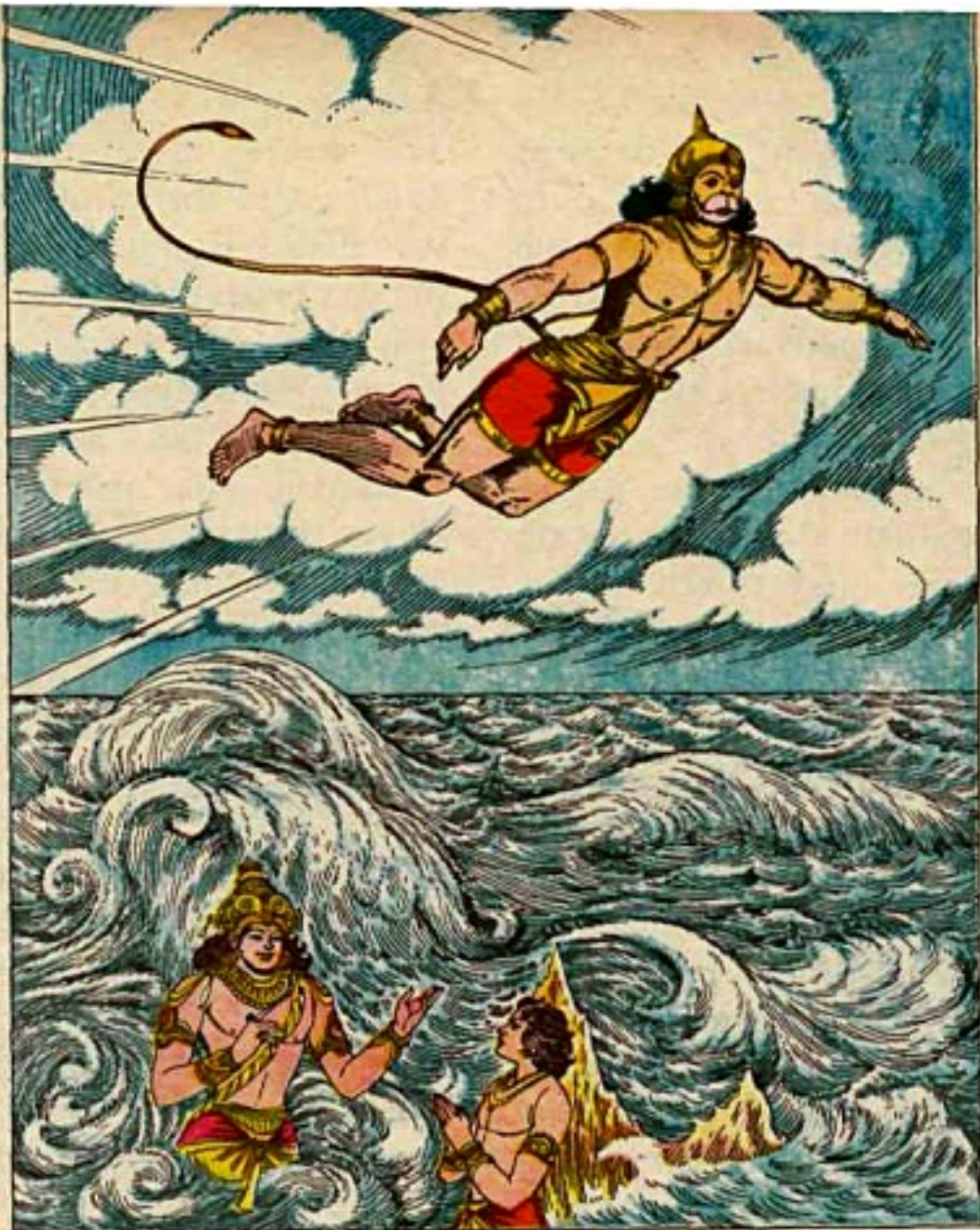
"My pressure at the instant of my taking off might prove too much for the earth. I better climb Mount Mahendra and use it as the base!" said Hanuman and he lost no time in climbing over the hill.

Standing on the top of Mount Mahendra Hanuman pressed his feet on it in order to try its strength. There was a tremor in the mountain and it continued for a long time. Flowers were shaken off the trees and stones rolled down. Animals who were in the caves howled and shrieked. Rishis and fairies who resided there thought for a while that the mountain was going to explode. The fairy couples flew into the sky and marvelled at the mighty Hanuman.

Hanuman was now ready to take off. He tensed his muscles, clenched his fists, took a long breath and then spoke those parting words to the Vanaras: "I am leaving for Lanka. If I do not find Sita Devi there, I will proceed to heaven. If she is not there, I will return to Lanka and take Ravana prisoner and bring him with me, if necessary, along with the entire Lanka."

Hanuman took the leap into





the sky. The pull felt in the atmosphere uprooted several trees which flew like feathers.

His arms spread like two gigantic five-hooded snakes. His eyes glowed like a sun and a moon side by side. He presented an amazing sight.

The air produced sounds like thunder-claps as Hanuman gathered speed. He was as if the comet that heralded the doom of Lanka! His gigantic

shadow fell on the sea.

Thought the sea: "I should give whatever service possible to Hanuman, for, he happens to be the emissary of Sri Ramachandra. King Sagara, my great benefactor whose name I bear, hailed from the dynasty of the Ikshakus from which Sri Rama hails. I should so arrange that Hanuman could take rest for a while."

The sea then told Mount



Mainak, "You who are checking the upsurge of the demons from the nether world, should once raise your head above the water so that, Hanuman, while passing overhead, can take rest on your golden peak for a moment."

The Mainak at once raised his head—like a new sun rising on the sea—and raised rather high. Hanuman thought that the mountain was trying to obstruct his passage. He dashed his strong chest against the mountain and the mountain swerved to a side.

The Mainak was amazed at the strength of Hanuman. The spirit of the mountain took a godly form and addressed Hanuman, "I do not know how to praise your unparalleled strength. You have performed the impossible. However, I re-

quest you to relax for a while. The sea is much indebted to Sagara and his sons, the ancestors of Sri Rama. That is why the sea is eager to serve you, for you are now going as Sri Rama's emissary."

The Mainak said further, "Besides, you are the son of Vayu, the God of Wind. That is another cause for me to love you. Long ago the mountains had wings. When they flew, the sages who took shelter in them felt panicky. That made Indra apply his thunder and destroy the wings of the mountains. He was about to cut down my wings too when Vayu flew me out of his sight and hid me inside the sea. Hence I am most grateful to Vayu and, naturally, I feel a deep affection for you. Come, relax on me for a while."

Contd.







## EACH FOR THE OTHER!

A thief succeeded in stealing a goat from the backyard of a farmer's house. When he brought it home, his wife counselled, "It is not safe to keep it with us for long. Go to the market and dispose it of."

Early next day, while it was still dusk, the thief proceeded towards the faraway market, the goat with him. He chose a lonely road for obvious reasons.

On the roadside, under a big tree, he found a fellow soundly asleep. Something was tucked

up in a fold of his cloth. The thief sat down and opened the fold cautiously and found a gold ring. He was delighted. Desiring to go away as quickly as possible, he left the goat there.

He decided to go to a goldsmith to sell the ring. But instead of going to the goldsmith of his own village, who, he thought, might question him about the ring, he went to another village and found out a goldsmith.

As soon as the goldsmith



saw the ring, he knew it to be the landlord's for whom he had made it himself. He secretly sent a messenger to the landlord and kept the thief engaged in conversation.

The landlord lost no time in despatching a few of his roughest servants. They took hold of the thief, gave him a good thrashing and then let him go.

While this was going on, the man under the tree woke up and saw the ring missing. Needless to say, he too was a thief. Joyous at his success in stealing the costly ring, he had gone to sleep.

He was on the verge of wee-

ping. Suddenly he saw the goat. He was consoled to some extent. He caught hold of the goat and led him to the market.

Unwittingly he passed by the house of the peasant whose goat it was. As soon as the peasant saw the goat and the goat saw the peasant, both ran towards each other.

The peasant shouted and his neighbours came rushing. Without paying any heed to the explanations given by the thief, they beat him hard before letting him go.

Thus were the two thieves punished, each for the crime of the other!





# WITHOUT A LIE!

In days gone by there was a king who convened a conference of all the pundits of his kingdom once a year. He distributed handsome rewards to each one of them. One year, for certain reasons, his treasury was almost empty. The time for the conference was nearing. He was much worried. But his minister told him, "My lord, let the pundits come. I know how to send them back!"

"You will reveal to them that our treasury is empty, eh?" asked the king.

"No, my lord," replied the minister.

"Then you will tell them some lies, will you?" asked the king again.

"No, my lord, I will speak the truth and yet send them away," assured the minister. The pundits arrived duly. Among them were a large number of new-comers. The minister arranged for the newcomers and the regular visitors to lodge separately. First he went to the new-comers and said, "The king is worried over a certain issue. He will not be able to see the new-comers. You may go." Then he met the old ones and said, "The king is worried over a certain issue. He will not be able to meet the regular visitors this time. You may go."







## PAID IN HIS OWN COINS

Gokuldas was a poor man with a very small piece of land. It was hard for him to meet both the ends from the land. So he began a business in milk. Villagers, sympathetic towards him, patronised him by buying milk from him. The Ayurvedic physician of the village, Somashastri, too was one of his customers.

Gokuldas prospered soon. He bought a number of cows and his business spread to neighbouring villages too.

But it was a pity that more income made him more greedy. He began mixing water with milk and made a greater profit.

One day Somashastri, the physician, asked Gokuldas, "Why is the milk so thin nowadays, Gokuldas?"

"It is summer, isn't it? The cows are drinking a lot of water. That explains why the milk is a bit waterish," answered Gokuldas.

When the rainy season came, Gokuldas's cows were afflicted with a disease and they became weak and produced less milk.

Gokuldas went to the physician and said, "My cows are looking emaciated. They have caught some disease, I am afraid. Please give some medicine for them."

The physician gave him a bottle of yellowish water and instructed him to sprinkle it on the fodder every morning. He realised two rupees from Gokuldas as the price.

Gokuldas had to get the bottle refilled from the physician



everyday and had to pay two rupees every time. However, no improvement was marked in the cows. He asked the physician after a few days, "How is it that your medicine is proving ineffective although I am paying rather heavily for them?"

"No wonder," replied the physician, "that they should prove ineffective, for, the roots from which they are prepared have become quite waterish in the rainy season!"

Gokuldas got angry at the physician's reply. He approached the village headman and complained that the physician was selling him false medicine. He also quoted the physician's funny excuse.

The headman was surprised, because everybody had a great faith in Somashastry's honesty as well as his calibre as a physi-

cian. However, he called the physician and asked him, "Did you say that the medicine was ineffective because the roots from which they were made were soaked in water?"

"Yes. I learnt about this fact when the cows gave waterish milk because they drank too much water!" replied the physician.

The headman understood the hint the physician gave and laughed. He had already received several reports about Gokuldas's dishonesty. He explained to Gokuldas the significance of the physician's statement.

Gokuldas felt ashamed at realising that he had been paid in his own coins. He promised not to mix water in the milk any more and the physician cured his cows in a short time with the right medicines.







## A RIDE TO THE FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSE

Shankar considered himself very intelligent and was quite proud on that account.

He married in a prosperous family. A month after his marriage, there was a festival in his father-in-law's village and he was invited to pay a visit there.

Shankar, eager to impress the people of his father-in-law's village, hired a horse from a neighbour and borrowed a set of nice dress from the washerman.

The horse gave him a great deal of trouble with bumps and jolts on the way as he was not accustomed to riding. When at last he reached the outskirts

of his father-in-law's village, it was already evening.

Shankar thought, "Who would appreciate my horse and my fine dress in the darkness? Better I somehow spend the night elsewhere and ride through the village in the morning towards my father-in-law's house.

There was an inn nearby. Somebody in tattered clothes sat before it, leaning against the door. Shankar asked him, "Who is the owner of this inn?"

"Myself!" replied the man who, in fact, was a wandering vagabond.

"Can I stay in your inn for the night?" asked Shankar.

"You can, provided you agree



to go to the village and collect some rice which we can cook and eat," replied the vagabond.

"How to collect rice?" asked Shankar.

"It is easy. You change into my tattered robes and go from house to house begging for handfuls of rice like a beggar, that is all!" advised the vagabond.

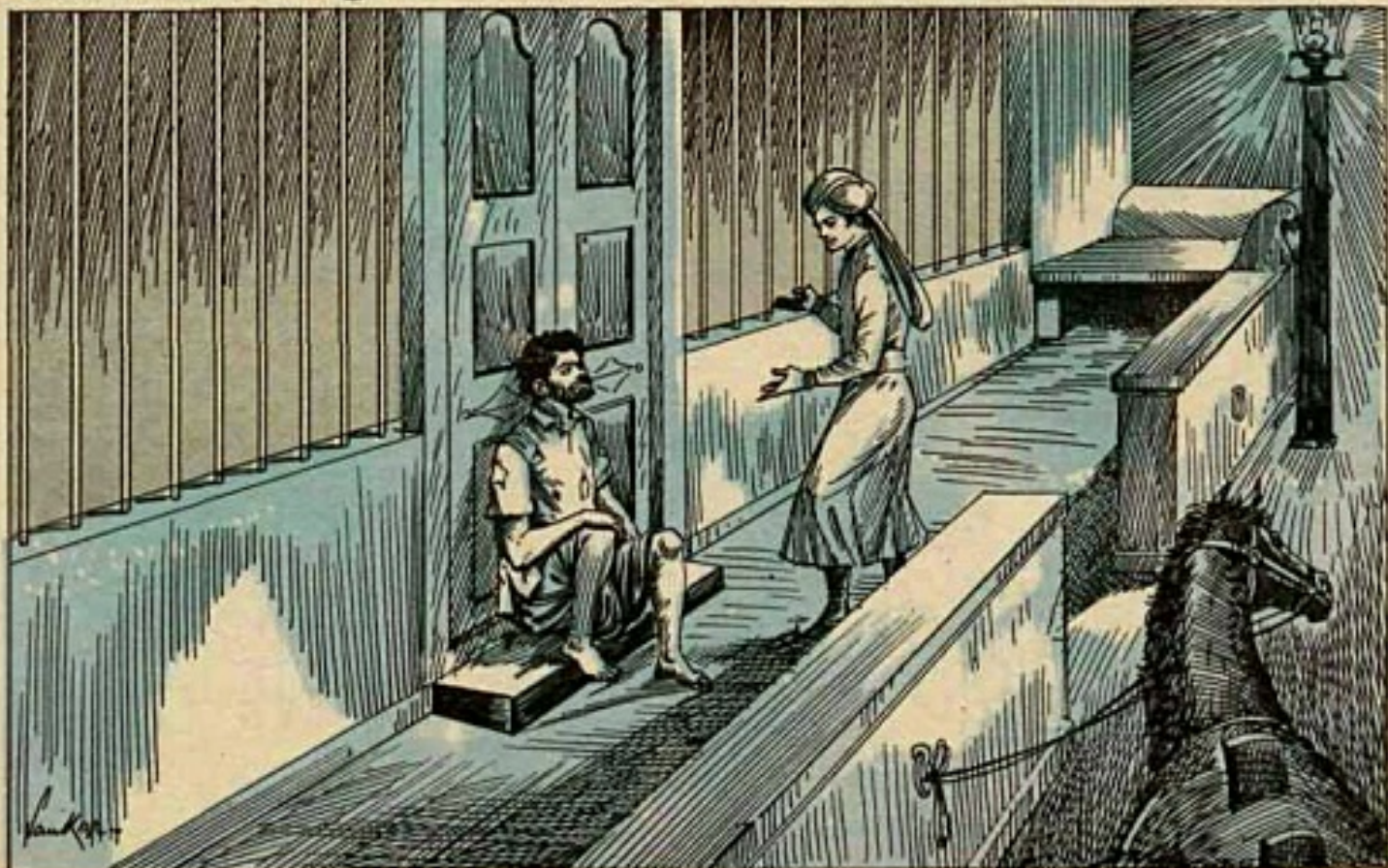
"Can I succeed in doing that?" grumbled Shankar with some misgivings.

"Why not? It is worth trying and I assure you, it is great fun!" the vagabond encouraged him.

Shankar and the vagabond exchanged their robes. Shankar entered the village and shouted

before every door, "Be kind and give a handful of rice to this beggar!" Some obliged him and some refused. He did not know when he had arrived at the backyard of his father-in-law's house. His mother-in-law who had happened to come out with a lantern, became curious at the familiar voice of the unfamiliar beggar. She raised the lantern and shrieked in horror when she recognised her son-in-law. Other members of the family gathered there instantly. They led Shankar into the house and he was pestered with a swarm of anxious questions.

Shankar did not know what







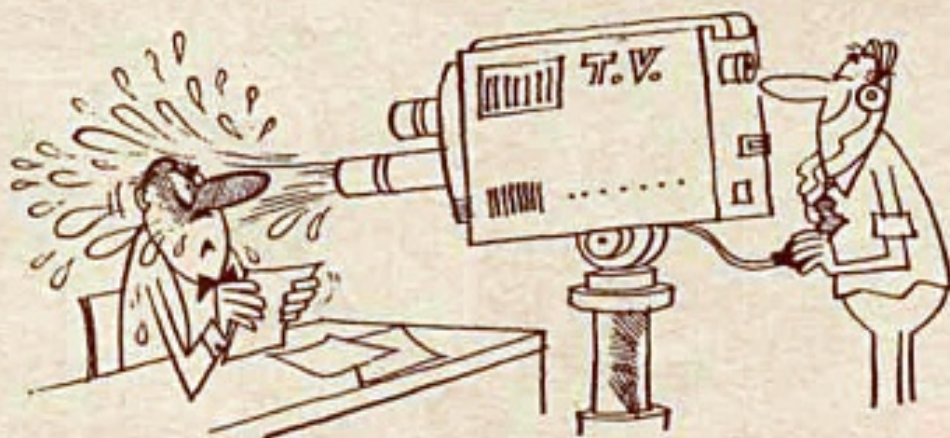
to say. He broke into tears and gave out a cock and bull story: "I was surrounded by a gang of bandits. They snatched away my clothes and my horse. You should have seen how beautiful my horse and the dress were! But I will go again and fight back my things."

"Don't bother. Eat and sleep well," said his father-in-law.

But Shankar wanted to look like a hero. "I will bring back

my horse and my dress from the inn-keeper and everybody will think that I rescued them from the bandits," thought he and marched to the inn at midnight.

But he saw neither his horse nor the vagabond. He returned stealthily into his father-in-law's house and lay down, totally disappointed. No more did he speak about fighting the bandits. Now his only thought was how to pay for the lost horse and the dress.



**"TV cameramen have decided to take action over their demand for higher wages!"**





## Fun with Science

Don't throw away that burnt-out torch bulb, you can use it to make a toy diver.

Squeeze the stem of the bulb with pincers so that the metal thread and the glass ball separate. Now pull away the wire filament leads from the glass, and file across the neck, if necessary, to make a small hole in the end.

When you drop the bulb in a tall bottles of water and press the cork in hard, the bulb fills with water and sinks. But release the cork, and the bulb will rise again. According to the pressure you put on the cork you can control your diver even make it hover.

This amusing behaviour is explained by the pressures inside the bottle. By pushing down the cork you displace the air trapped inside the bulb. Water rushes in to make it heavy, and it sinks. The reverse happens when you release the cork.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(SORRY, NO CLUE ANYWHERE IN THE MAGAZINE)





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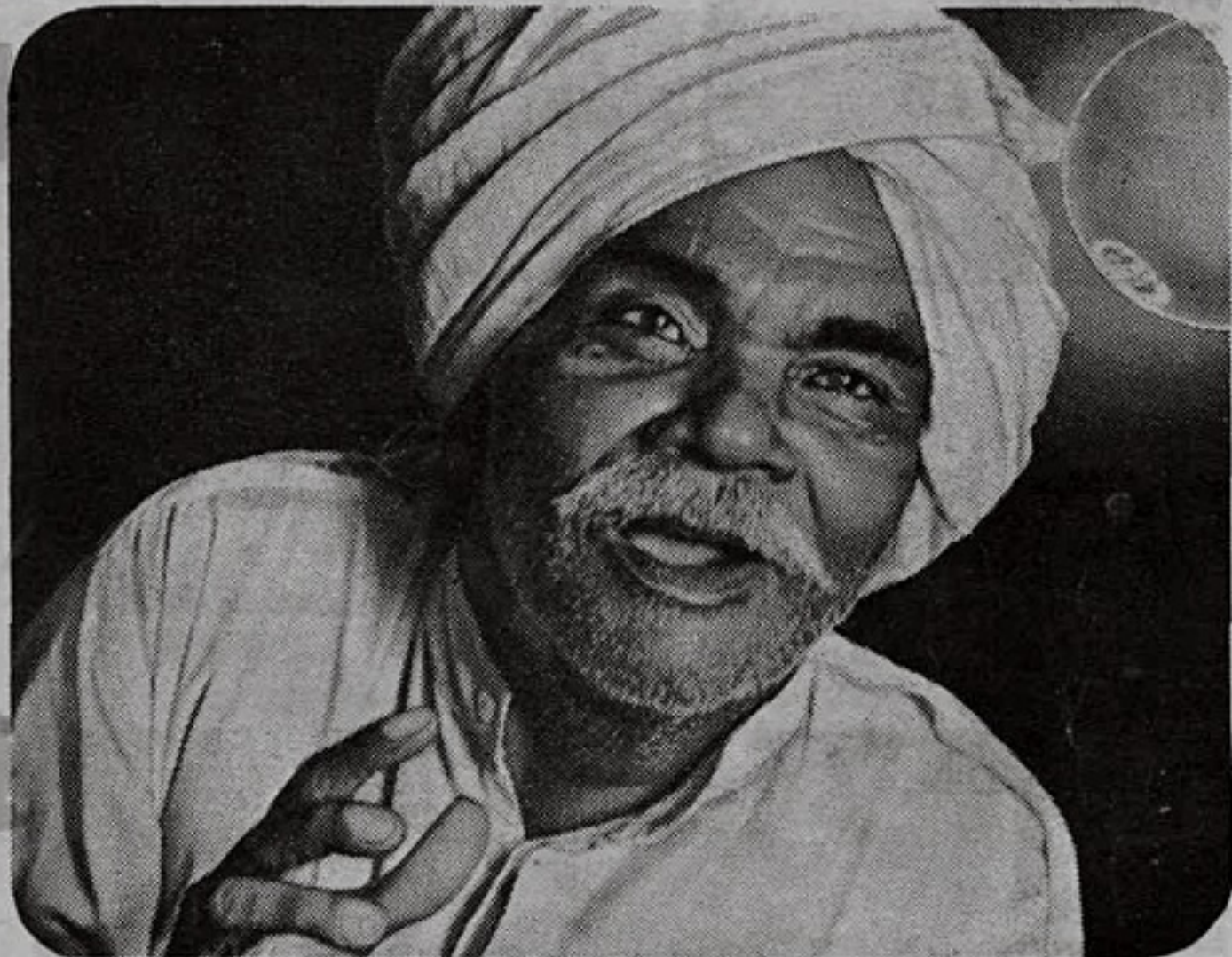
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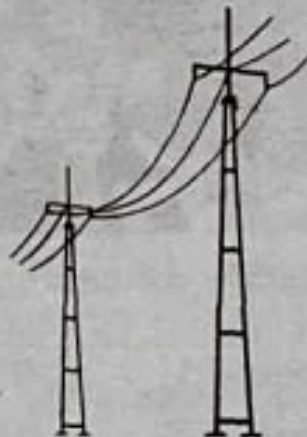


# The miracle at Ramprasad's home



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